

University of Dundee

## The Adventures of Ticking Boy

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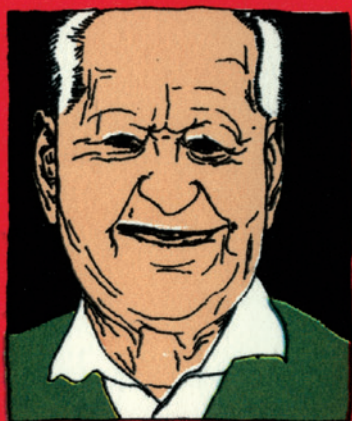
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THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TICKING  
BOY**

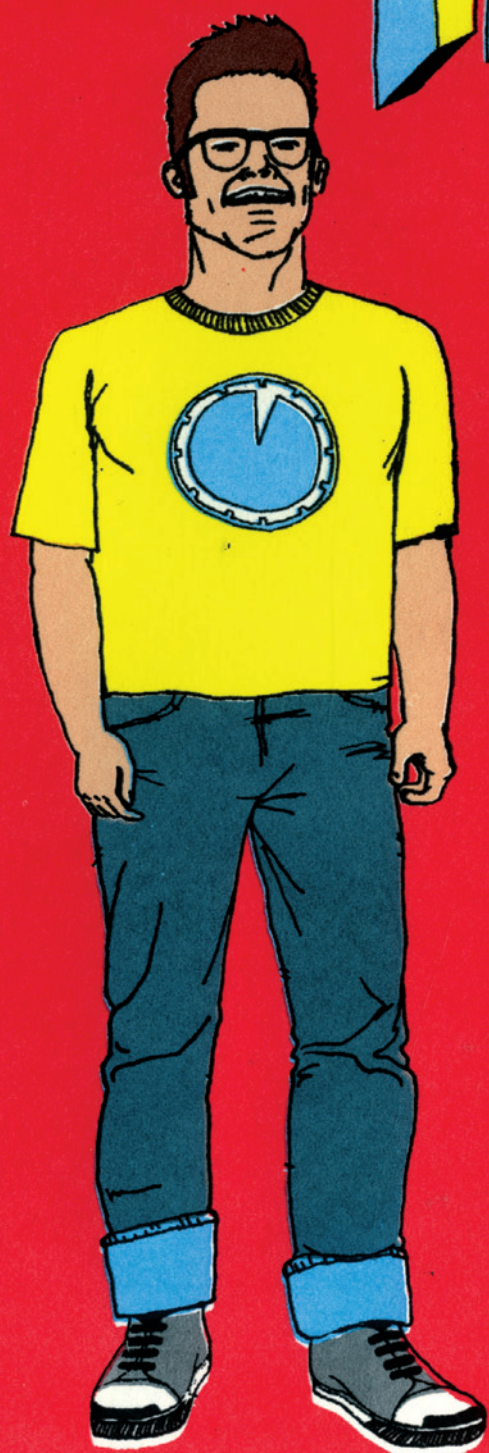
FEATURING



THE IMMORTAL



MEMENTO  
MORI



FROM LAUGHTER TO TEARS IN TWO TICKS!!



# THE TICKING BOY FAMILY TREE

"THE IMMORTAL"



BILL ELDER 1897-2005



DAISY OTTER

1898-1976

MOYES LESLIE



1917-1961

KATHLEEN



1925-

KEN CAMPBELL



1919-1977

TOM



1922-



DERICK 1951-



TRISH 1956-



ANGIE 1958-



STUART 1961-



DONALD 1965-



DAUN 1946-2007



JOHN HERD

1946-2009

"MEMENTO MORI" "TICKING BOY"



TRACEY 1966-



LORRAINE 1968-1973



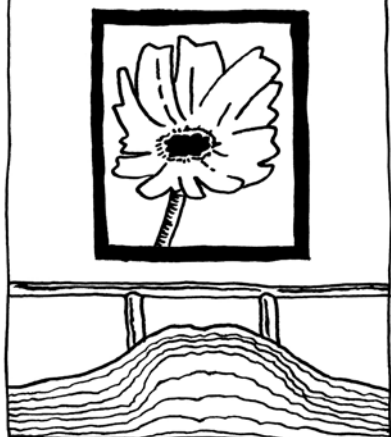
DAMON 1970-



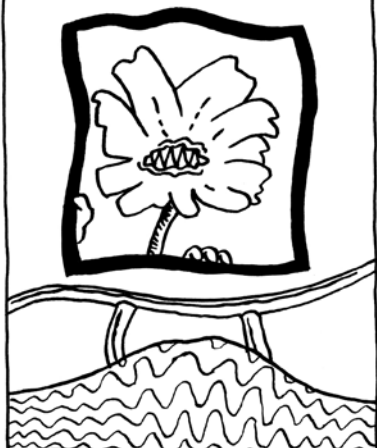
DERICK 1976-

# THE ORIGIN OF TICKING BOY

IT'S AUGUST 2004. I AM LYING IN A HOSPITAL BED STARING AT THE WALL.



I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR THREE DAYS. I'VE STARTED TO HALLUCINATE...



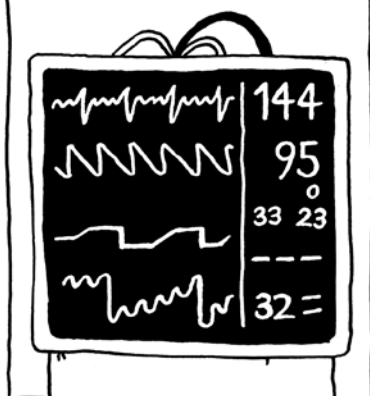
AND I CAN HEAR AN INCESSANT TICKING NOISE.



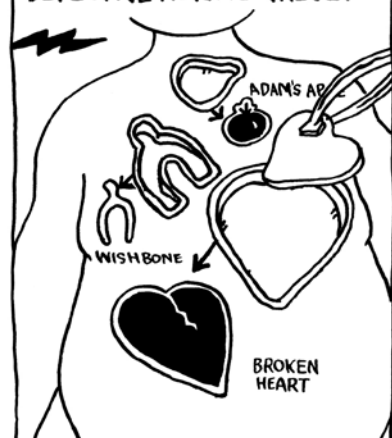
IT'S COMING FROM ME!



I SPENT YESTERDAY IN THE HIGH DEPENDENCY UNIT AND THE DAY BEFORE IN INTENSIVE CARE.



THE DAY BEFORE THAT I UNDERWENT OPEN HEART SURGERY TO REPAIR MY DEFECTIVE AORTIC VALVE.



MY SURGEON, MR JOHN YAP, REPLACED IT WITH A CARBON MECHANICAL VALVE.



THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE VALVE CAUSES THE TICKING SOUND.



I WILL HEAR IT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. I AM NOW...



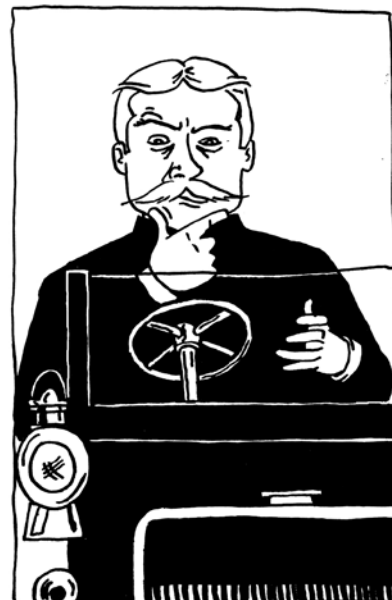
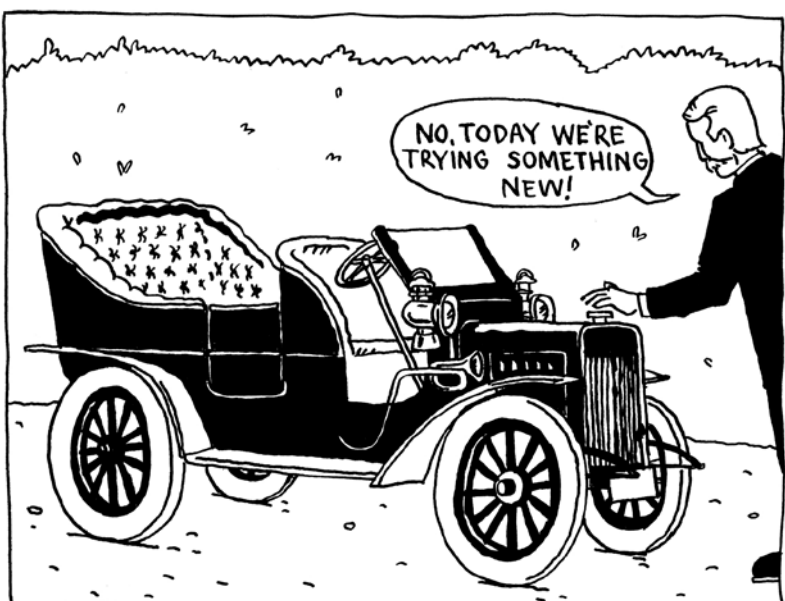


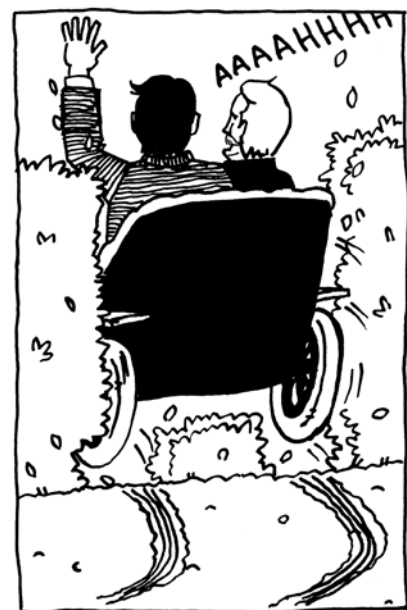
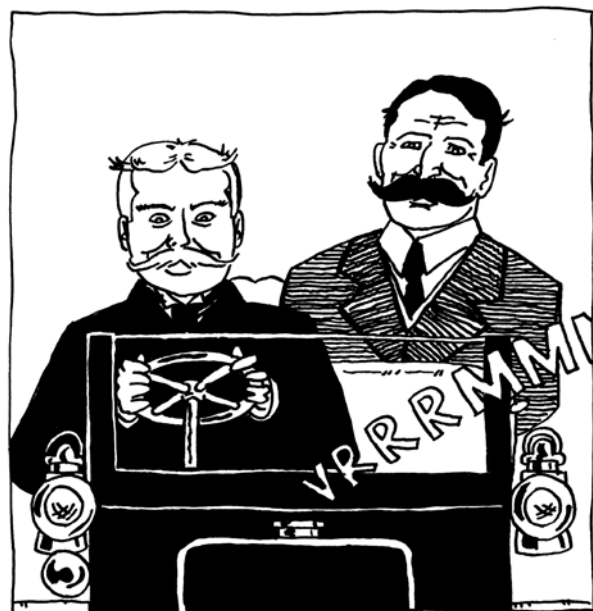
# THE FIRST CAR IN SELKIRK

CIRCA 1905



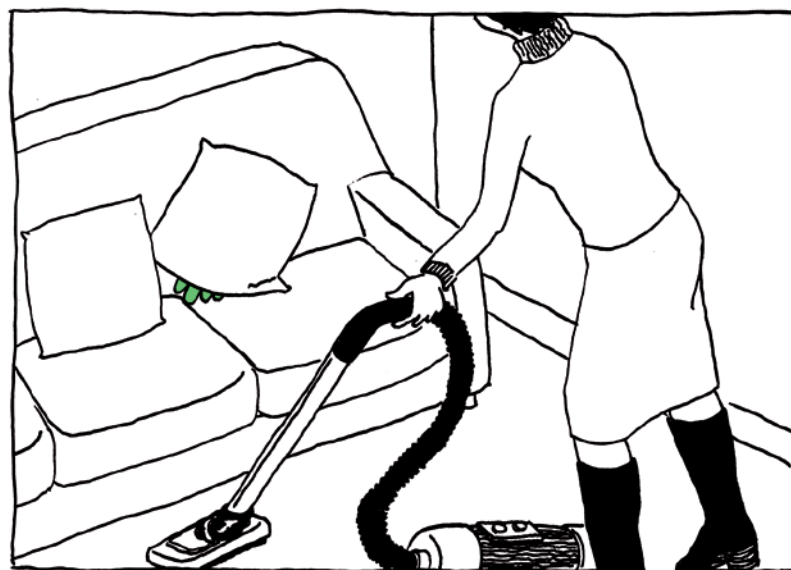
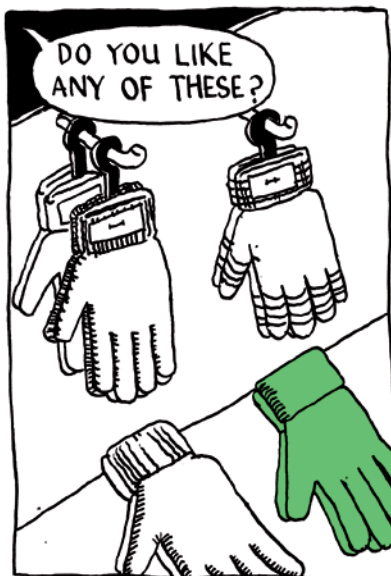
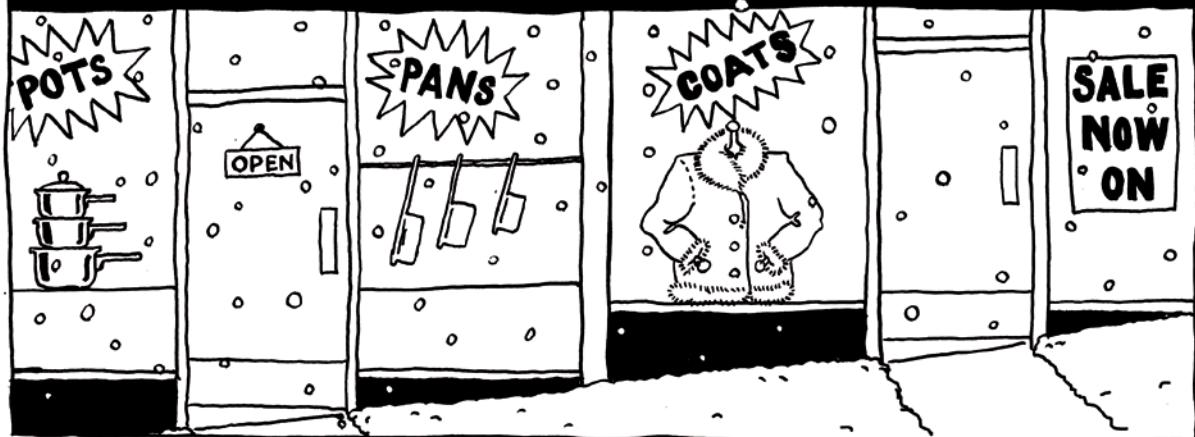
A LITTLE BILL TALE

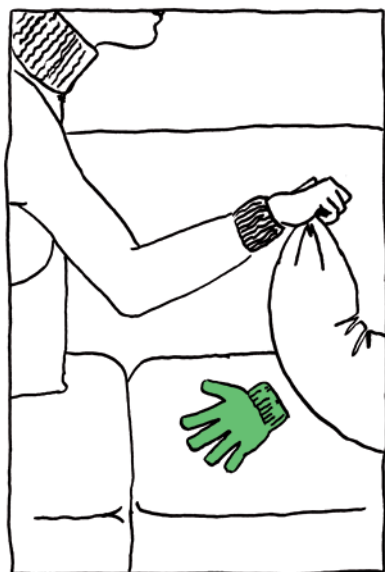




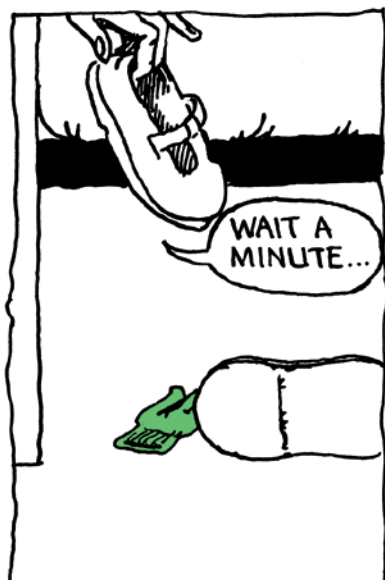
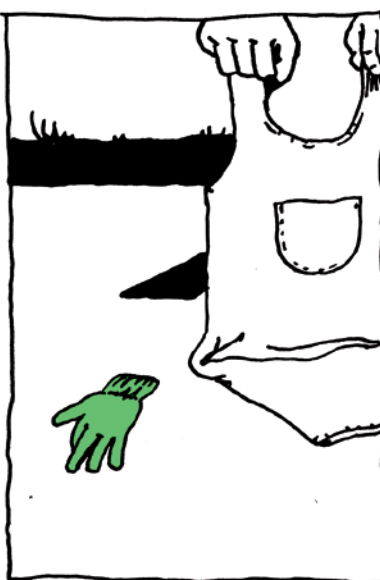
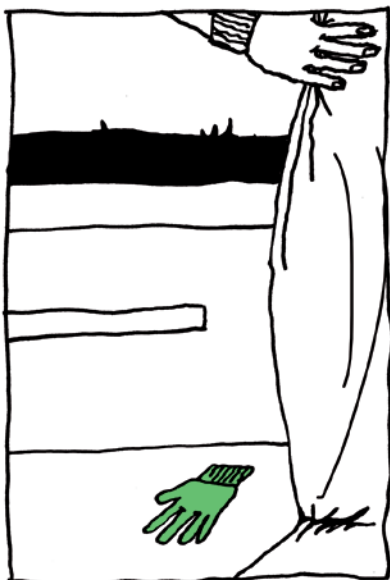
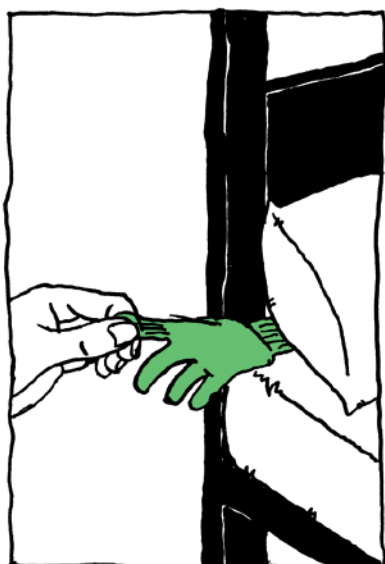
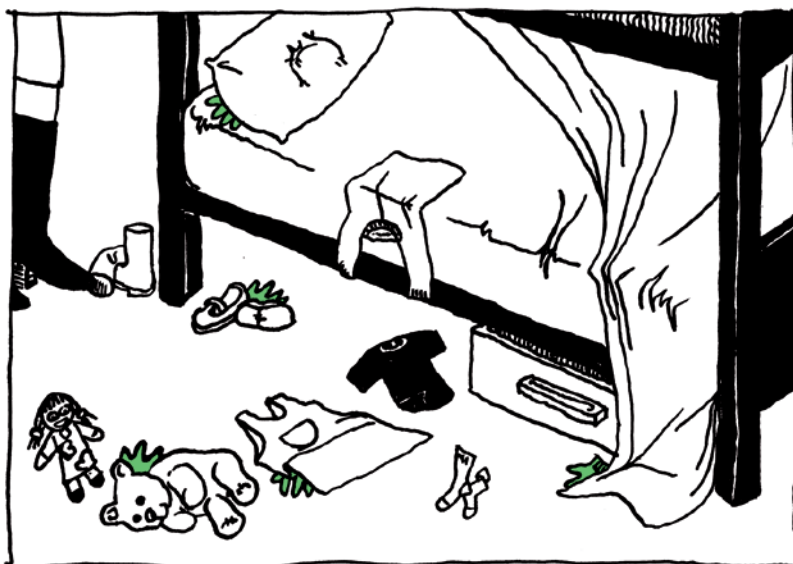


# HOME & WEAR









# THE

# IMMORTAL

FOR A LONG TIME I SUSPECTED THAT MY GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS IMMORTAL



HE WAS BORN IN 1897 - QUEEN VICTORIA WAS STILL ON THE THRONE.



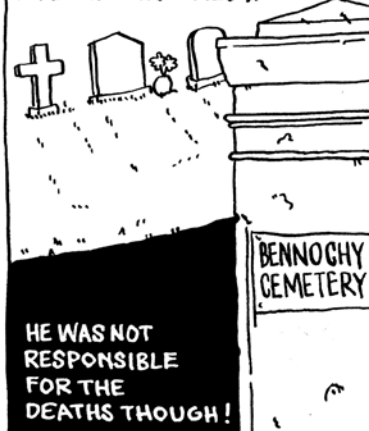
MY EARLIEST MEMORY OF HIM IS FROM ABOUT 1974 - RIDING HOME FROM WORK ON HIS MOPED.



HE HAD ACTUALLY RETIRED 15 YEARS EARLIER BUT STILL WORKED AS A GARDENER.



BEFORE THAT HE HAD BEEN A CEMETERY SUPERVISOR AND HAD FILLED TWO GRAVEYARDS IN KIRKCALDY.



GARDENING WAS HIS LIFE APART FROM SERVICE IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR AND THE HOME GUARD IN WWII.



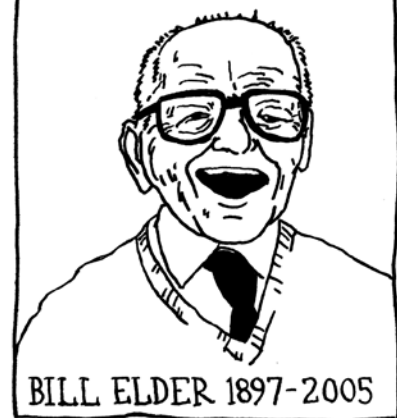
LATER ON HE KEPT BEES, A HOBBY SAID TO HELP PROLONG LIFE.



HE GAVE UP HIS MOPED AGED 97 AS HE WAS STARTING 'TO FEEL A BIT DIZZY'.



HE DIED IN 2005, AGED 108. ONE THE FEW PEOPLE IN HISTORY WHOSE LIFE SPANNED THREE CENTURIES.



BILL ELDER 1897-2005

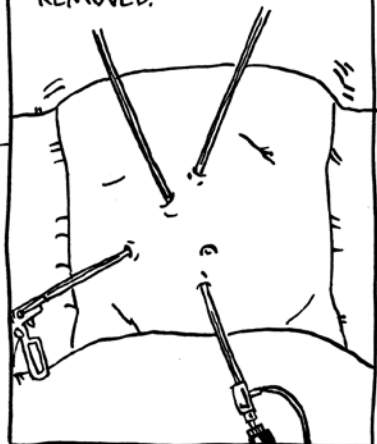


# A MODERN PROMETHEUS

FOR A WHILE AFTER MY HEART OP IT FELT LIKE I HAD SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE IN HOSPITALS.



TWO YEARS LATER I WAS IN FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS TO HAVE MY GALL BLADDER REMOVED.



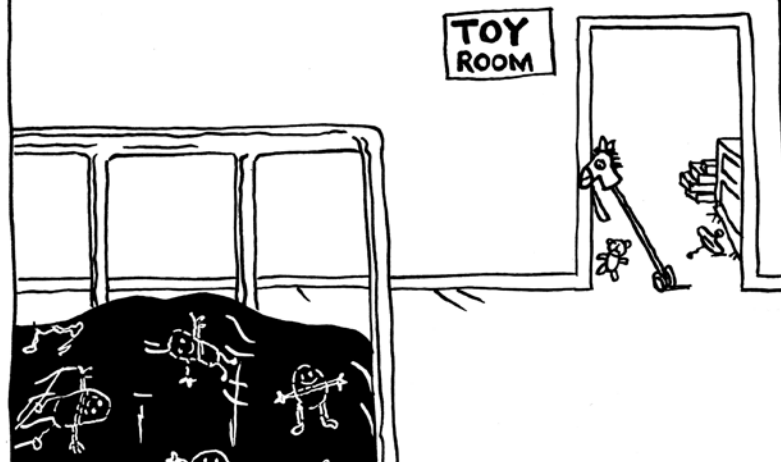
I TAKE WARFARIN TO PREVENT BLOOD CLOTS ON MY HEART VALVE, IT COMPLICATES ALL PROCEDURES. TWO WEEKS ON A GASTRO-ENTEROLOGY WARD IS TOO LONG!



I DID GET SOME SOUVENIRS THOUGH!



MY EARLIEST MEMORY IS OF BEING IN A HOSPITAL. I REMEMBER THE BEDSPREAD AND THE TOYS.



I WAS THREE YEARS OLD AND WAS HAVING PLASTIC SURGERY ON MY CHIN.



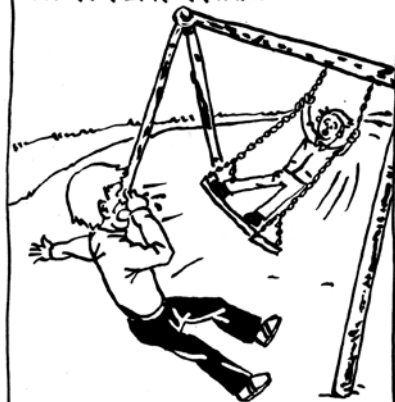
OVER A YEAR EARLIER I HAD FALLEN AGAINST A WINDOW. IT BROKE AND SLICED MY CHIN.



I STILL HAVE A SCAR - JUST LIKE HARRISON FORD.



WHILE STILL AT PRIMARY SCHOOL I BROKE MY NOSE AT A PLAY PARK.



A WOMAN DROVE ME HOME BUT SHE DIDN'T SEE MY SISTER TRACEY.



SHE HAD TO MAKE HER OWN WAY HOME!

THEN WHEN I WAS 12 I BROKE MY LEG.



I SOMEHOW MANAGED TO CRASH INTO A PARKED CAR.

ALL THIS TIME IN HOSPITAL MUST HAVE AN EFFECT.



OUTPATIENTS

SCIENTIFIC AND GENETIC MANIPULATION STORIES FASCINATE ME.



'FRANKENSTEIN', 'GEEK LOVE', 'THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU'.



I MADE AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF BULGAKOV'S HEART OF A DOG'.



SHARIK USED TO BE A DOG AND STILL HATES CATS.

WITH A PHOTO OF MY OWN OPERATION SCAR ON THE COVER.

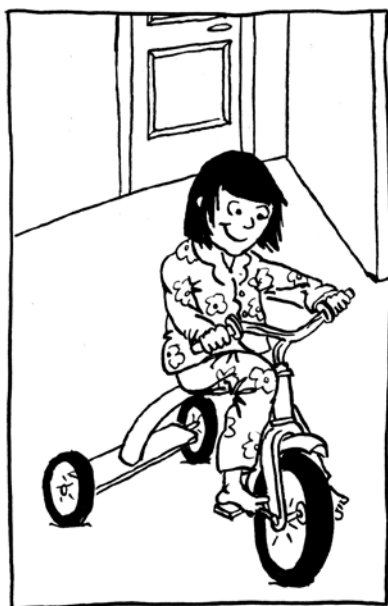


DOES THIS INTEREST LEAD BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD SURGERY?

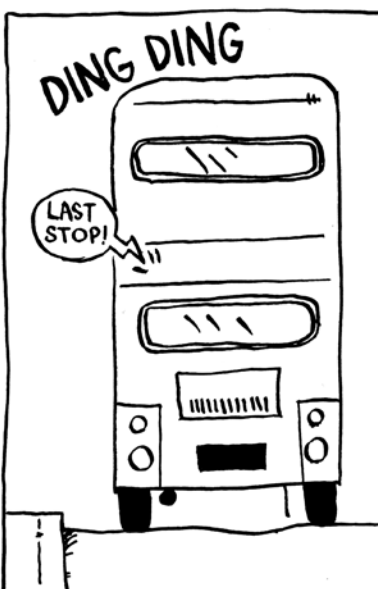
DID THEY DO MORE THAN JUST OPERATE ON MY CHIN?



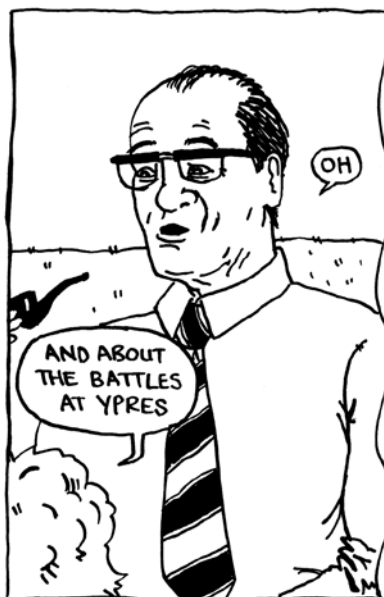
# TRAVELS WITH MY SISTER



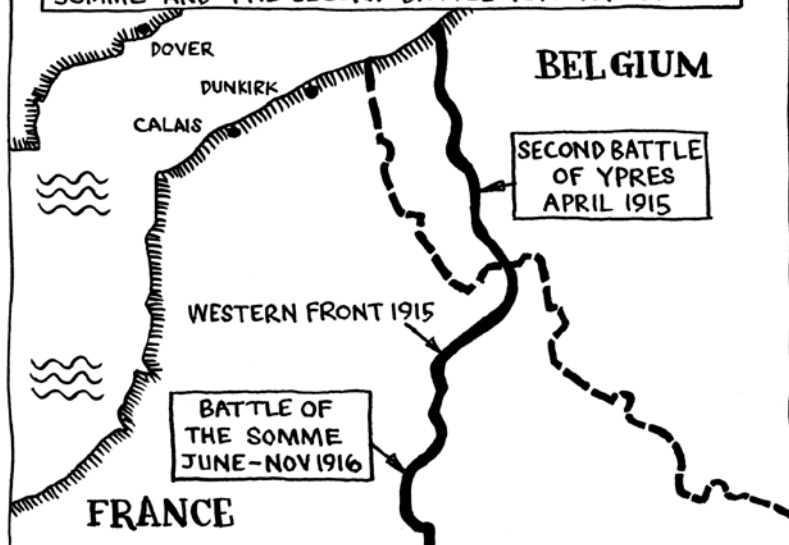




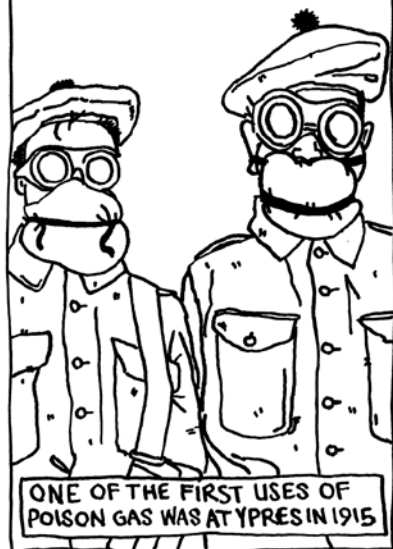
# SUCH A SILENCE IS EASILY UNDERSTOOD



I WAS THERE AT SOME OF THE BIG BATTLES, THE SOMME AND THE SECOND BATTLE FOR YPRES.



I LOST MANY FRIENDS.



ONE OF THE FIRST USES OF POISON GAS WAS AT YPRES IN 1915

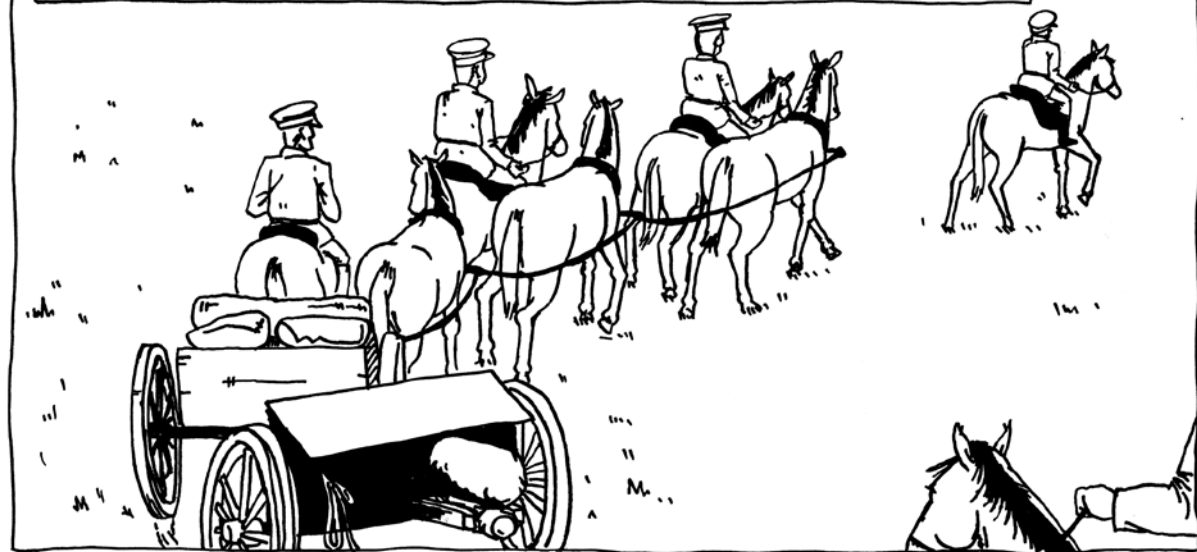
IT WAS A TERRIBLE TIME AND THE CONDITIONS WERE DREADFUL.



BUT I HAD MY DUTIES TO DO LOOKING AFTER THE HORSES.



WE HAD HORSES TO DRAW THE GUNS AND THEY NEEDED TO BE CARED FOR.

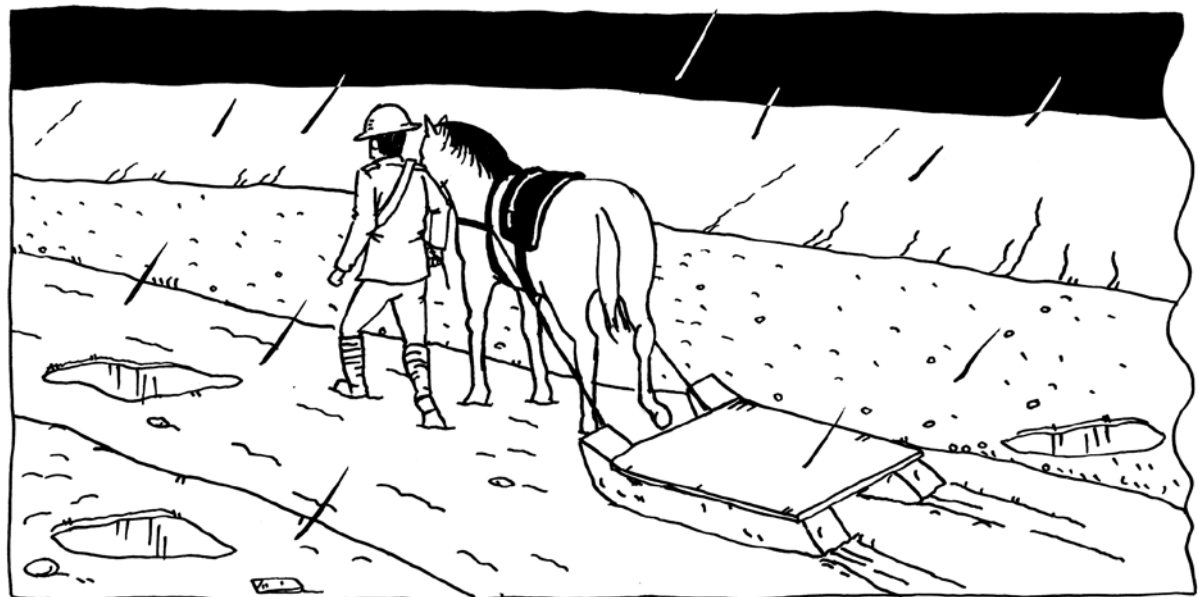
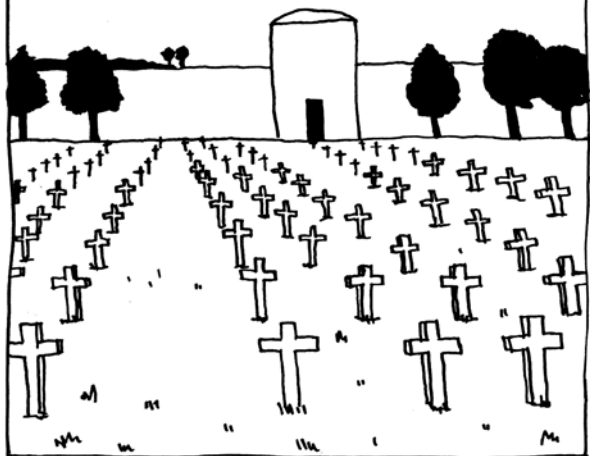




I WAS THE TEAM MASTER AND THAT IS WHAT I DID.



THESE HORSES WERE LOYAL FRIENDS AND MANY DIED ALONGSIDE US."



I KNOW DEAR, I WAS THERE

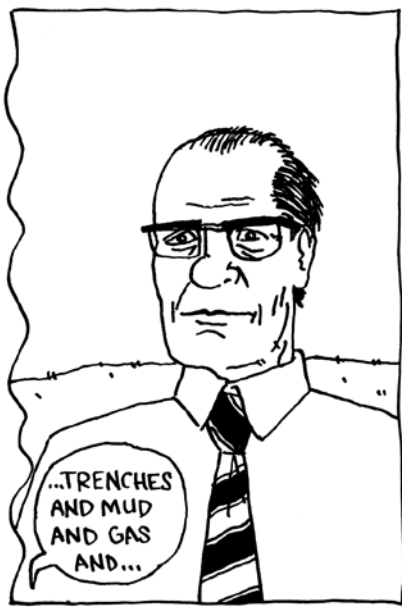


"I KNOW DEAR, I WAS THERE" WAS ALL MY GREAT GRAND-FATHER EVER SAID TO OUR FAMILY ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR.

THE QUOTED TEXT IS TAKEN FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM IN 'THE LAST POST', A COLLECTION OF INTERVIEWS WITH SURVIVING FIRST WORLD WAR VETERANS BY MAX ARTHUR FROM 2005.

THE TITLE IS A QUOTE FROM AN ARTICLE IN 'SCOTLAND ON SUNDAY' FROM 2004 ABOUT THE LAST TWO SURVIVING SCOTTISH VETERANS.

...TRENCHES AND MUD AND GAS AND...





I DON'T ACTUALLY REMEMBER MY SISTER LORRAINE.  
I WAS ONLY TWO WHEN SHE DIED.

TRACEY

ME

LORRAINE



## SWEETS KILLED A TODDLER



LORRAINE... "took several at once."

**L**ITTLE Lorraine Herd choked to death on sweets, a post-mortem examination revealed yesterday.

It happened on Monday night minutes after the four-year-old bought 2p worth of large, chewy sweets.

A neighbour had given her money for running an errand.

SHE REMAINED IN OUR LIVES BY A CONSTANT RETELLING OF HER EXPLOITS.



THEN WE FOUND FIVE GLOVES! HAHHA!

A FEW YEARS LATER MY WEE BROTHER DERICK WAS BORN.



BUT OUR PARENTS NEVER RECOVERED FROM LOSING LORRAINE AND THEY SEPARATED A FEW YEARS LATER.



AFTER THAT THEY SEEMED TO FORGET ABOUT THE THREE KIDS THEY STILL HAD. WE BECAME VERY INDEPENDENT.



IT WAS AS IF THEY WERE TOO SCARED TO GET TOO CLOSE IN CASE THEY LOST US TOO.



MY MOM DIED A WEEK BEFORE HER 61ST BIRTHDAY. QUITE YOUNG ESPECIALLY WHEN COMPARED TO HER GRANDFATHER.



MY DAD DIED JUST OVER A YEAR LATER. I HAD SEEN HIM ONLY A FEW TIMES IN THIRTY YEARS.



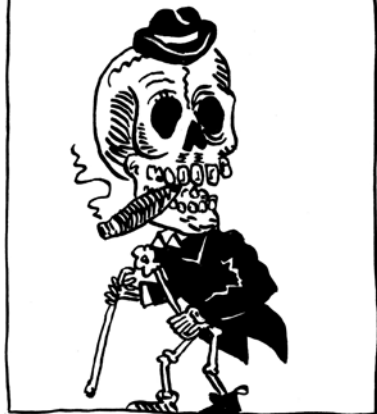
FOR ME, THEY TOOK THE WRONG LESSONS FROM LORRAINE'S DEATH. I THINK OF HER AS A MEMENTO MORI.



LATIN FOR 'REMEMBER YOU WILL DIE', I BELIEVE IT MEANS WE SHOULD EMBRACE LIFE WHILE WE ARE HERE.



THE MEXICAN DAY OF THE DEAD COMES FROM A SIMILAR IDEA ABOUT CELEBRATING LIFE WHILE BEING CONSCIOUS OF YOUR OWN MORTALITY.



EVEN IN HER SHORT LIFE, LORRAINE SEEMED TO USE HER TIME WELL AND LIVED LIFE TO THE FULL.





# A TICKING MAN CONCLUDES



ONCE, AT A CLASSICAL MUSIC CONCERT, IT ANNOYED A MAN SO MUCH THAT HE GOT UP AND MOVED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AUDITORIUM.

I HAVE NOW BEEN TICKING FOR ALMOST SEVEN YEARS. IT SERVES AS A MEMENTO MORI JUST AS EFFECTIVELY AS MEMORIES OF LORRAINE.

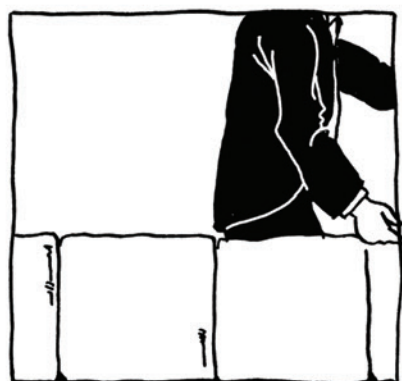
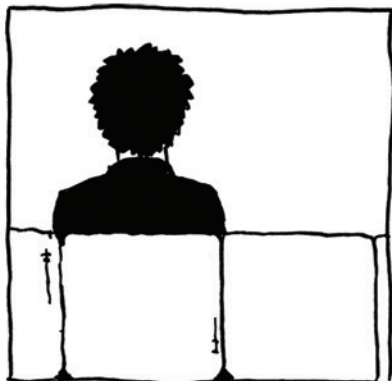
I RARELY NOTICE IT THESE DAYS AND, THANKFULLY, MY WIFE FINDS IT COMFORTING.



SOME PEOPLE'S HEARING IS MORE ATTUNED TO IT THAN OTHERS. IF SOMEONE DOES HEAR WITHOUT KNOWING MY CONDITION THEY USUALLY ASSUME THAT IT IS MY WATCH.

IF MY HEART HADN'T BEEN MENDED, AND I DIDN'T TICK, THEN I WOULD PROBABLY BE DEAD BY NOW!

FOR ME IT IS MUCH BETTER TO TICK THAN NOT TO TICK.



PERHAPS ODDLY, I USUALLY DRAW MY TICKS IN A TYPEWRITER STYLE FONT. MY TICKING HAS A TYPOGRAPHIC CHARACTER!

tick tick tick tick



AUTO/BIO COMIX BY DAMON HERD 2011